

Hear Me (A Mileven Christmas Fic) by the_strange_bookworm

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Christmas Angst, F/M, but there is hope, first fic i'm publishing, post season one, so please don't judge, they just wanna be together

Language: English

Characters: Eleven, Eleven/Mike Wheeler - Character, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-12-27

Updated: 2016-12-27

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:20:24

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,809

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mike was in the woods again. He'd been spending a lot of time there ever since the events of last month. He'd ride there on his bike after his nightmares and walk and turn the radio on, and he prayed that maybe, he'll get more than just static this time. He knew it would worry his family and the boys-if they knew-but they had to understand that he couldn't just forget her. Not when she's given him so much to remember. Tonight though, it was different. Tonight was Christmas Eve. And there was one thing he needed to do.

Hear Me (A Mileven Christmas Fic)

Author's Note:

HELLO READERS! So please note that this is my FIRST ever fic I'm publishing. Criticism is welcome but please go easy on me. I'd also like to give credit to ceruleanstorm for her fic 'i can't let you go; this separation brings us awfully close' which inspired this. Sorry if it's too similar tho I don't wanna ... (plagiarize) *dramatic music in the background

Anyway, here's little bit of Christmas angst (even tho its kinda late for christmas) ENJOY!!!

Mike was in the woods again. He'd been spending a lot of time there ever since the events of last month. He'd ride there on his bike after his nightmares and walk and turn the radio on, and he prayed that maybe, he'll get more than just static this time. He knew it would worry his family and the boys-if they knew-but they had to understand that he couldn't just forget her. Not when she's given him so much to remember. Tonight though, it was different. Tonight was Christmas Eve. And there was one thing he needed to do.

When she killed the monster, she disappeared with it. That was it. No body, nothing. She couldn't have just vanished into thin air which meant she had to be somewhere. And he was gonna find her. But after weeks of searches in the woods with Dustin and Lucas and a lot of convincing from his family that she was dead, it seemed like he had finally given up. At least that's what they thought.

He looked around and recognized the trees around him. He'd memorized the way to his destination after spending many nights visiting it. His destination was a certain space between the trees that looked like everywhere else. But it wasn't that to Mike, or to his two other friends. It was where, searching for their lost friend, he, Dustin, and Lucas stumbled upon a girl that would change everything. There, history was made. At a nearby tree, there was a cross carved into its trunk and underneath that cross, was carved 'El'. A makeshift headstone for the girl he found and lost that one November week.

No. This isn't a grave. This is a memorial. Eleven's not dead, he reminded himself as he walked. It had become his mantra this past month, and he repeated that to himself whenever he could. *But where is she?* he thought.

His shoulders slumped as a sigh escaped him.

He found the familiar tree and knelt before it. He pulled a folded sweatshirt-the one she wore when they took her in-from his backpack and laid it at the foot of the tree, then pulled out a pack of plastic wrapped eggos tied with a ribbon and laid it on the sweatshirt. He meant to get up and walk back to his bike then bike back home so he could sleep, but stayed kneeling at the tree. He stared long and hard at the gifts he placed there, as if by sheer willpower he could make that certain girl appear right there in the forest, like she did a month ago. But then he shook his head as a tear slipped from his eye. He took out his radio from his backpack. Mike raised it to his face. "El?" he spoke into it. "Can you hear me? Please talk to me."

He paused and listened. Nothing. He tried again. "It's Mike. Can you hear me? Please, please answer me."

Still nothing. He threw the radio to the ground. "Goddammit El, talk to me!" he yelled. More tears fell from his eyes. What was wrong with him? Yelling won't bring him anywhere. Hell, the last time he yelled at her, she ran away and it took two bullies and a cliff to find her. He picked up the radio again. It was still buzzing. He took a deep breath then spoke into it again.

"I'm sorry, El," Mike said more calmly. "I guess I'm just frustrated because...I miss you. I miss you a lot. I was just hoping that you would answer this time. You can talk to me, I'm not mad at you for leaving or anything. You can talk to me."

Mike paused and breathed deeply since his voice was starting to break and he didn't want El hearing him cry. "Anyway, I brought some presents. This is the sweatshirt you wore when you stayed with me. Will told me it was cold in the Upside Down and it's winter now so I thought this might keep you warm. And here are some eggos too. I guessed that you missed them 'cause you loved them so much. ...Do you miss me too?"

He wanted to slap himself. He was talking to no one. Or at least no one that could hear him. He made to get up and set for home but the radio crackled to life and he froze. He held his breath as a quiet, weak voice whispered two small words.

"So much."

Eleven spent a lot of time in the woods too. She walked with the boy that couldn't see her till daybreak, following the trace of his presence like a bloodhound. In the Upside Down, her powers became strong enough for her to find people without the bath. So she used this to see them. To see Lucas' sarcastic expression, and Dustin's toothless smile, and the pale boy she knew to be Will.

And Mike. Always Mike. Everyday, she would use her powers to see his little freckles and hear his laughter, and that kept her going in this hell she was stuck in. She was happy because he was happy. But at night, she watched him struggle through nightmares and freeze in the cold night as he searched and called for her. For her. It was a constant reminder that she was doing this to him. She tried to reach out and tell him that it was okay, that he doesn't need to look for her and she'll find her own way back. But he couldn't hear her. So she followed him in his nightly searches, keeping him safe from whatever could possibly hurt him out there.

She followed him to a familiar place. Oh right, the place where they met and her whole world changed. He visited here often, and once she watched as he carved a cross and her name-the one he gave her-on a tree nearby. He kneeled in front of that tree and set something down in front of it. What looked to be a pack of eggos on a bundle of cloth. Minutes ago she had just eaten the pack that Hopper had left her so instead of immediately grabbing for it, she just knelt beside Mike and watched.

El smiled at him and put her hand on his. "Thank you," she whispered, but he didn't seem to hear her. He never heard her. He stayed there for a long time then shook his head and El saw a tear fall from his eye. *Don't cry*, she thought. She felt a tear of her own slip down her face.

"El?" she heard him say into the radio. "Can you hear me? Please talk to me." She could hear the fading hopefulness in his voice. It stung her. She started to answer but held herself back. *He can't hear you*, she thought to herself. But she tried anyway.

"Mike, it's El," she said. "I can hear you. I'm here." She hoped for one second that it worked, until he spoke again.

"It's Mike. Can you hear me? Please, please answer me."

More tears started to fall. He was desperate, and so was she. But that didn't bring them any closer to being together again. "Mike," she decided to say. "Stop. Stop looking. I'm okay, Mike."

She frowned at herself. 'Friends don't lie,' she thought. She wasn't okay. Not away from him.

"Goddammit El, talk to me!" Mike yelled suddenly as he threw down the radio. El recoiled away from him frightened. She looked at his face. There were streaks left by the tears that had fallen and she wanted desperately to wipe them away. Instead she decided it was time to leave him tonight. She can't help him from where she is anyway. She stood up and started to walk away away. But Mike spoke again.

"I'm sorry, El," he said. "I guess I'm just frustrated because...I miss you. I miss you a lot. I was just hoping that you would answer this time. You can talk to me, I'm not mad at you for leaving or anything. You can talk to me."

She began to cry again. "I'm sorry too," she said. "But I can't."

He kept talking. "Anyway, I brought some presents," he said. "This is the sweatshirt you wore when you stayed with me. Will told me it was cold in the Upside Down and it's winter now so I thought this might keep you warm. And here are some eggos too. I guessed that you missed them. ...Do you miss me too?"

At this, El's heart broke. She knelt next to him again and rested her head on his shoulder. "So much," she whispered. And it was true. What'd kept her going all this time was her desire, her need to be

with Mike again. She tried, so many times, to somehow break through the barrier, to be heard by him. She missed his warmth, his presence, so much it hurt. It fueled her determination to find a way back. It gave her hope.

Now something felt different when she whispered those two words. It echoed throughout the void and Mike suddenly perked up, startling her so much she almost fell over. That's when she knew, he'd finally heard her.

Mike stared in disbelief until his brain began to yell at him, "That's El! That's El, you idiot! Answer her!" He picked up the radio. "El! El, can you hear me? I hear you, answer me."

"Yes Mike yes! I'm right here! It's El!"

Nothing but silence. He waited, but there was no response. "El?" he tried again. "I heard you. Please talk to me. Tell me where you are."

"I know, I heard you too! In the Upside Down. But okay. Mike?"

He waited and still had no response. That was all she had to say for the night.

But Mike smiled. It could easily have been his imagination, or maybe he's just losing his mind, but he heard her. He actually heard her this time. Let his friends call him crazy, she was alive. He gripped the radio in his hands and prayed that El would still be able to hear him. "I'll find you, El," he said. "I promise."

El sighed. She felt that it was near sunrise in the normal world and she was exhausted. She watched as Mike slowly got up and began to walk back to his bike. She decided she had to go too. But not before Mike turned back to the spot where she stood and seemingly staring right at her whispered, "Merry Christmas, El." El smiled and looked at that beautiful boy, the one thing keeping her going in this dark and lonely world. "Merry Christmas, Mike," she said with a smile. And slowly, they parted ways.